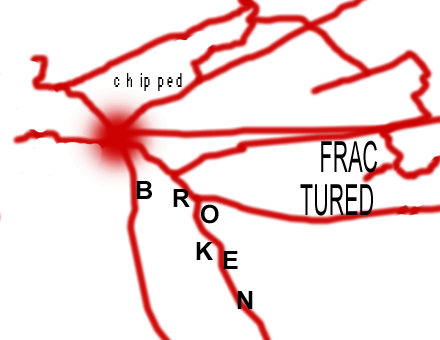
Elizabeth’s Project 1

I started out with my work project much differently than how it ended. My primary job is as a high school teacher in a treatment center for affected youth – adolescent boys aged 14-18. The first drafts were titled, “boys” and I was in the process of transporting pictures to make up the text. However, during the middle of the week, the staff and then the clients were informed that after 30 years, the treatment center would be closing its doors. Although the general sentiment is no longer a high level of shock, this is an expression of how I felt and interpreted the reaction.



This is my limp attempt at “symphony.” The symphony isn’t anything I have ever been engaged, and I felt that my attempt to flow words into movement and then possible song left a lot to be desired!

